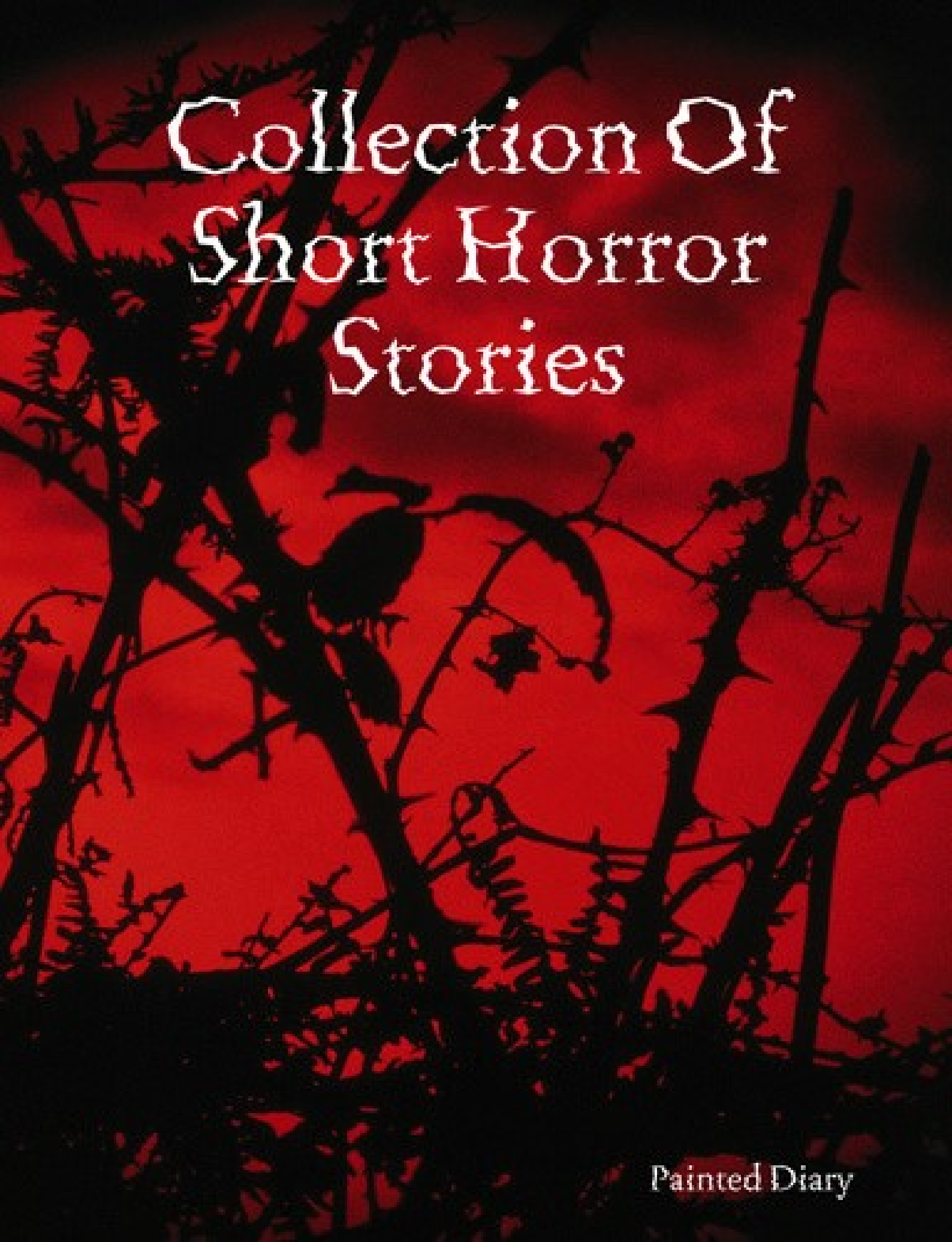
Collection Of
Short Horror
Stories
Painted Diary

A Royal Dream

After all the grand festivities and a dinner of the finest French cuisine, your Majesty, retired for the evening. Three hours had passed and the Queen became restless, as if the darkness was nudging her to wake.

A misty shadow seemed to linger at the foot of her bed. The Queen, with nothing but eloquence, dismissed the presence. Beside her bed, on an antique cherry wood nightstand, were pictures of the royal family, minus the past. Very tired from the sojourn, the Queen quickly went back to sleep; however, still felt uneasy. Shortly thereafter, the Queen hears a familiar voice in her dreams.

"Dream my precious Queen, and know that I did love him. I wore the most exquisite lingerie, and bore two royal sons. Yet, your open public display of hatred disgusted me. How dare you call yourself a Queen? He never grew to love me because you made him believe in all your tricks, and lies! In your eyes, I was never equal, even thought of as less. No resources for poesy I suppose, as I was for the hearts of the people, not for yours. You let unscrupulous critics blame me for helping to strip the supreme power of the mystery so important for its survival. If they only knew about you my precious Queen. I was titled "Queen of their Hearts" by the public, till you.... paid the paparazzi.... to kill me. In my afterlife, I am still "The Royal American Pie", and you, Oh Canada, will be haunted. I will haunt you even on the other side, just like tonight!"

The Queen gasps, jolts to sit upright, and an object falls in her lap. That same uneasy feeling came across as the Queen fearfully turned on the night light. The light revealed a photo with a special scribe that read, to my loving and precious Queen.

Love,

Lady Diana

Birthday Gift

Belle is a beautiful child with innocence as sweet as honeysuckle. Her mother boasts how Belle, at only ten years old, is completely captivated by the allure of the ocean. Fortunately, they live beside the ocean and Belle couldn't be happier. The rocks, the scents, the sounds, the movement of the water, all are simply magical to her.

Being challenged, Belle's mother teaches her about the world around her and how to do things by making lists. Belle reads, learns, and follows instructions on the lists with all her heart and soul.

Today is Belle's birthday. She is so excited and can't wait to read what her mother plans for her on her birthday list! Following the list with all her heart and soul, Belle got up early, bathed, put on her new crimson dress, put a matching colored bow in her beautiful red hair, put on her new shoes, walked to her favorite rock overlooking the ocean, and jumped.

Diary of a Silent Magician

Applause, Cheers, and Whistles. “We have come to the highlight of the show!” Tadah! Lights reveal the Black Box. Applause and cheers. “Who would like to get sawed in half tonight?” “I need a volunteer. Uhmm…let’s see, ah yes, you there. The lady in purple from the sixth row, please come to the stage!

As she slowly walked to the center of the stage, her life flashed before her drowning eyes. Many thoughts rent space in her mind. Maybe he’s a mind reader too, she thought. Maybe he can see the neon sign painted in her mind that has been screaming...silently.

A mind that screams “I can’t take it anymore” Yeah, abracafuckindabra…is how she felt, when she stood on stage, and it felt no different in her everyday life. Mary thought to herself that she would rather be in hell.

Back to the show…..

Please lay down in the box and relax!” The Magician spins the Black Box very slowly to show the audience all sides of the box. She hums a Beethoven Sonata. He positioned the box just so, pulled out a large, shiny, electric double-toothed saw, and turned it on.

As the Magician leaned down to begin the illusion of dissection, Mary started screaming hysterically. Unbeknownst to the audience Mary saw the face of death. A flash of his head bore the semblance of what appeared to be a grotesque and cadaverous being. At that moment, he had no eyes and a stench of flesh in its last stages of decay. The audience went wild, as they loved the show. The Magician whispered to Mary, “Welcome to hell Mary.” The intensity of the cheers from the audience pumped through the Magician’s veins like molten magma.

The Magician got caught up in the cheers, turned off the saw, raised his arms, and glorified in his fame. Mary broke free from the Black Box and ran half-crazed off the stage. The Magician yelled for her, and then he noticed a man in the last row holding a sign, that said, “Charles, rest in peace.” The Magician slowly lowered his arms, and just starred at the man. Someone from the audience yelled out, “What the fuck is going on hear?” Mary was no longer in sight as she ran out of from the show and managed to get a taxi home.

The scientist answered by saying that the Magician before the audience is Charles Morris who died 100 years ago. His soul never laid to rest and he came to me. While living, Charles had a disease that severely disfigured and malformed his head. Adults and children alike called him a freak while frightened of him. With a broken spirit, he turned to killing, and set out to mutilate anyone and everyone who made fun of him, and turned their cheek. He loved the thrill of severing the chords and sawing off the heads of people who made fun of his…with a chainsaw. He begged me to give him life again. In return he promised never to kill again. There was complete silence from the audience and the silent Magician began a new page in his diary.

The next day, still shaken from her ordeal, Mary made her morning tea, and turned on the telly.

“We have incredible breaking news! A bloody massacre occurred last night at the Magic Show in downtown London!! This was the site of the most hideous and horrific massacre in London’s history! There appeared to be no survivors and all who attended last night were decapitated!”

Mary dropped her tea and as it shattered to the ground she shrieked in horror. She sat down to try to compose herself enough to call the police. Her screams were silenced as her head tumbled in her lap.

Did I Tell You I Love You Today?

Did I tell you I love you today?
I did and you slapped me across my face
After telling me at knifepoint that you hated me
You hated our children
You hated yourself
Then you threw me on the floor and stomped my face till
Blood meandered from my eyes, my ears, and mouth
Even after my nose crackled, I can still smell your new boots
Our kids are at Grandma's house, so they won't see
Me broken again
You left to charm the nearest bar and left me again
Broken
I had a plan this time
I want you to know that I do love you
But can't hurt me anymore
Twine is good I think
I just bought it yesterday and it is Martha Stewart's finest
You will have to clean this time
I'm fed up, climbed up
Twine scratches my neck some, I'm crying one last time
Kicking the chair from under my feet
I did tell you I love you today
I did tell you I love you
I did tell you I love
I did tell you I
I did tell you
I did tell
I did
I

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My Fourth Clothesline

I love my new house, my new job, my new husband, and my new life. What I love most are the small things like being able to put up another clothesline. My husband and I moved to this new town last winter, and now it is springtime. Spring is my beloved season, as what seemed extinct and dormant, now comes alive. My own blood seems to begin to thaw.

My favorite pastime is hanging clothes on the line. I wash early every sunny Honeysuckle soaked Saturday in the springtime. It has been four years, since my third husband hung himself, and it was time to start over again…with my fourth loving husband. So I am excited to hang clothes on the line, and enjoy nature's fragrant air for the first time this spring. Starting over in this new town has been a dream thus far, and the people are very friendly. I cannot tell you how relieved I am to leave all the bloody memories of those dreaded people from my prior town behind.

The people were mean to me from the town I just moved from and called me horrible names. There was one name in particular that I actually liked, and that was Noose. That name has such a nice ring to it, don't you think? Well, back to my story.... the people from my old town watched out their windows carefully when I hung clothes out on the line, never spoke to me, and were afraid of me. In my opinion, they were just jealous of me. They were jealous of my clothes, my money, my jaguars, and me. Yes, I have three jaguars. I love jaguars. For the life of me, I can't understand why some people are so obtuse. Fortunately, I never had to work. My former husbands were wealthy men. I find it amusing that these elite men find me so attractive, and quite frankly, who wouldn't love the attention. After all, I always look good, and am always dressed to kill.

I get much enjoyment out of the feel of a clothesline. The way the line drapes over my fingers when I put it up, the fancy knots I practice making, and the intricate pattern of twists and turns that make it…well…a clothesline, has always fascinated and empowered me. When I buy clotheslines I always buy two sets, because for some reason, I always misplace a line. This is my fourth clothesline.

I have a ritual, if you will, when it comes to hanging clothes on the line. Certain items, in specific order are hung on my line. First, my jeans, then my husband's jeans, my tops, then my husband's shirts, my socks, and last is my husband's socks. Never do I hang my undies on the line; and is not proper clothesline etiquette, however, the occasional boxer is acceptable.

Funny thing is, the other clothesline is missing and so is my husband. I have not seen my husband for four days, and today is Saturday... my washday.

As I have said, certain items, in specific order are hung on my line.

First, my jeans, then my husband's jeans, my tops, then my husband's shirts, my socks, and last is my husband's socks, with the exception of the occasional boxer.

However, today I'm only hanging my jeans, my tops, my socks, and no boxers.

I wonder where my husband is hanging?

Oíche Shamhna

You can see ancient skin glistening against the Celtic cross. A burning harvest of fire and brimstone crackles, tickling the lambent tongues of flame. It's time. Bonfire's ripe. Her imbued self-offering, plump with a "New Season", bequeaths "All Hallows' Eve". She set her bones to fire. Her scream transcends to the lucid moon. Piercing eyes from the realms of the living and dead commixes ceremoniously. They dance precariously, waiting for the "New Saint" to show his face out of burning embers. He is to be great this year. As the embers silence; it's a girl.

Secret Family Recipe

It was time for the "Black Country" Best Skin Tasting Contest in England. Every year "the twins" Bradley and Brandon Williams won hands down in both the "best taste" and the "best new flavor" categories.

Someone said they seen Mr. Smith, one of the judges for the contest snooping around on the twins' property last night. Mr. Smith was also known to down a few bottles of whiskey every day.

The twins did have a secret indeed. They had a brother who was born almost ten years after them. His name was Billy. One night their mother screamed with labor pains. It was too late. The twins witnessed a horrid sight. The mother's stomach was shredded to pieces, her limbs torn off and her head ripped from her body. In the middle of the floor was a bloody mass of the most gruesome and hideous thing they had ever seen.

This "thing" was tearing their mother's skin apart from the muscle and eating her flesh, limb by limb. The twins were frozen with fear. Billy was locked in the basement.

Their father took the twins in the kitchen and taught them the secret family recipe. He gathered their mother's skin and deep-fried it to perfection. The twins were sworn never to tell about Billy, and instructed to say that their mother died giving birth at home.

Mr. Charles said, "Hey boys, this is the best tasting skin this side of England!" "By the way, have you boys seen Mr. Smith?" Bradley said, "Yes, seem him yesterday, and he looked pretty torn up." Mr. Charles said, "Well, guess he hit the bottle too hard last night, and could not make it."

When some of the people cleared from the table, Bradley chuckled to Brandon in a whisper and said, "Ha, if they only knew Billy really did tear Mr. Smith up yesterday." Brandon whispered back and said, "Yes, this is fantastic, considering Billy didn't like the taste of Mr. Smith, but his skin sure fried up real good and extra crispy!" Bradley said, "Yup, looks like Mr. Smith won it for us this year!"

Secrets

Tactile echoes ripple secrets of an abominable past. Bloodstained whispers suffocate beyond hideous black breath. Muffled screams drip down walls of her cadaverous boudoir. The sound is deafening even to frolicsome beasts of macabre. One hand extends to help you climb through mangled secrets marinated in blood. The other clenches a dripping hippocampus of an axed cranium, now only but a silent carcass.

She has been waiting in a brand new dress, of the prettiest cerulean. A crimson enigma waits beyond the grisly door if you dare to open it. Reality will be hazed and will no longer exist. The sense known as the sixth, awakens hallows of unfinished death. Only those born with a veil can see the hatched silhouettes in the silver moonlight, can hear the crackling of skull cavity split to precision, can see mouthful-sized pieces of brains splattered adding relief to the walls like a Dali, can feel the viscous texture of a blackened atmosphere, can smell the noxious stench of fresh-baked decay, and can taste the vibrations of butchered screams bathed in bloody innocence. The children can still be seen playing jump rope as they sing:

They say Lizbeth took an axe
And gave her mother nineteen whacks
And when she saw what she had done
She gave her father twelve minus one

Stepmother hated her new blue dress
She loved her father so he got less
Beware of 92 Second Street
She will chop you up when you sleep

The Ice Cream Man

It was 1:00 in the afternoon and the officers just left the home of a devastated mother. Her ten-year-old daughter had been missing for two days. The last place she was going was to the candy store. Lastly, she described her daughter, as a fun loving girl who loved chocolate, and candy bracelets.

With temperatures soaring well over one hundred degrees, the familiar song of the Ice Cream truck, made the officers smile with relief. The officers stopped the truck, saw a sign that said (new flavors and toppings weekly), and ordered bowls of the week's newest flavor.

The men got in their car, said how great the chocolate ice cream with candy toppings is, and tended to finding clues to where the tasty (oh I mean) missing girl could be.

The Trick or Treat Gang

A neighborhood Trick or Treat Gang (Bobby, Sally, Jimmy, Suzy, and Timmy) were getting ready for the big night. They were excited to get dressed in their costumes and compete to see who would get the most candy. Bobby was so proud of his Captain Jack Sparrow costume. They also talked about the Haunted House. No one went near the house for rumor has it that strange things happened to those who did. The gang decided to visit the house; after all, it was Halloween, and thought what is Halloween without a little fright.

Jimmy and Suzy finished dressing in their costumes first and went ahead to begin their long awaited candy gathering competition. The rest of the gang set out about a half an hour later, and decide to go to the Haunted House. With knees buckling, Timmy rang the doorbell.

A hideous sound filled their ears. With minds racing as to the stories they heard, the children gasp as the door slowly creaked open. A tall figure dressed in black, floated to the door. A long black cloak with a hood covered the face. The figure did not speak. The children were too shocked to say their line except Sally. Sally said, "Trick or Treat! Wow, that's a great costume sir! How did you do that? How did you float to the door?"

Long bloodless bony hands extended a tray full of medium pumpkin-sized caramel apples. The only sound was the click of bony fingers to give the children a note. Bobby read the note. It asked, "With or without nuts?" The children said no thank you because the apples were way too big. The figure floated backward, and the door creaked shut on its own. Just a few seconds later, screams and a thud were heard.

The children ran as fast as they could away from the Haunted House. When they came to a stop to catch their breath, Bobby said, "Wow, that guy is good! He even scared the great Captain Jack Sparrow! Did you guys notice that he even made two of the apples look like Jimmy and Suzy?"

Write The End In Apple Green

Last lab report read that a ferocious chartreuse man-made cloud killed everything on Earth; even itself.

You've Got Mail {Flash Fiction}

It's late, about 2:30 am. She jumps on the PC. No mood for television. Lightning flashes. Raindrops sound mysterious against her windowpane. She checks e-mail first.

"Wanna play hide and seek?" Sender unknown.
I w-i-l-l p-l-a-y, she typed. A half hour passed, still no response. Although, she felt like someone was x-raying her. Checked e-mail again. "I was gonna play!" she laughed out loud. Then----her windows frost and a deep voice whispers, "GO SEEK". Erotic shadows dance on her screen.

Frozen with fear, she cannot move or speak. Her ribcage pulsates. Hands from behind, massages her neck and explores her anatomy. Her exhale, now irregular, seems to approve the invasion. She echoes somberly, wondering who could this be. She turns around and screams. Screams are silenced. Hellish maggots laugh at her, while dissolving her soul into damnation. Devil types back, Y-o-u F-o-o-l

Dali Diary Entry #1, February 17th, 1849-----Chocolate Dreams

Dear Diary,

I had been seeing Dr. Sydney O'Hara for the past two years. She traveled the world, and was a highly respected Psychologist, with expertise in relationships. Not so well known was her expertise in paranormal relationships, and perhaps was one of the reasons I sought after her.

My problem was that I seemed to go through men like boxes of Kleenex. At thirty-five years old, and having gone through ten failed relationships and attempting more, was the prerequisite to seek out one of the most prestigious (I might add that she was quite piquant as well) Psychologists in the field, as Dr. O'Hara.

Some things I loved about Dr. O'Hara were her unselfishness, caring, and gentleness. Never was she demeaning or condescending, and only focused on her clients' concerns. When I was expressing my emergent predicaments, she never interjected with explanations of her own problems, interrupted me, compared her problems to mine, converted the conversation to become about her, or told how her problems are greater or more severe than mine. It was as if she placed herself in her client's shoes. She was truly genuine.

Dr. O'Hara helped me to acknowledge and embrace my self-worth. With her gentle and extremely effective techniques, I was able to see me, my true self, for the first time. She taught me how to love in a healthy manner, in terms of relationships, and showed me how I should get to know myself. That proved to be vital in my awareness of how I perceived myself, and how I was perceived.

However, I was not prepared for the path I was forced to take, that forever changed my life. About two months ago, I began experiencing something unnatural. Vivid, life-like visions of me having sex with a mystical, yet faceless woman began intruding and (shhh) pleasingly taking over my dreams. This mist of a woman had the most alluring chocolate tone and a very addictive zaftig figure. I've never experienced, nor considered, in any stage of my life, a relationship with a woman, however, these dreams were unexpectedly tantalizing to me.

Dreams transcended into reality this past month, and I was afraid to tell Dr. O'Hara the truth. This mysterious haze of a woman, my lover, had been visiting me every night, leaving behind aromas of dust, naked bone, and arcane blood. She didn't have a face, didn't speak, and was virtually invisible; yet, I could still feel her gossamer like touch and the goose bump chill of her breath. Willingly I submitted to her, as she made my life so sweet as well as parallel Hell with her telepathic control. Even though I could not see her, I desperately craved for a glimpse of just the umbra of her silhouette.

No one would believe such a story, so I choose to keep the peril a secret from my friends, family, and even Dr. O'Hara. At times, simply in Dr. O'Hara's presence, I found myself holding back my nebulous lust for her. Interestingly, instinct told me that Dr. O'Hara was suppressing her desire for me too. It was the twinkling soft whisper in her eyes, and the way she gently grasped my hands when saying goodbye, that led me to that conclusion. Her melting African accent was quite mesmerizing to me. I never confessed, nor lead on in any way, such private thoughts.

I was caught in a precarious web, hanging on between fantasy and reality. My only sanity was and still is my diary. I thought that perhaps I should write a poem to my mystery lover. Whom would I address it to? I wondered if she had a name. Was I falling for her? How could I fall in love and with what or who?
Until next diary entry, I continued to dream a chocolate dream.

Sascha Sterling

Dali Diary Entry #2, February 21st, 1949…..Crimson Bath

The next night, I wrote Dali a poem expressing how desperately I wanted to see her, and drown in her mysterious sea. She loved me, touched me, and excited me like no man ever did before. I sketched her as mystical, erogenous, enchanting, and cunning. She was a perfect femme for a Salvador Dali painting. That was the perfect name. Therefore, I named my mystery lover, Dali.

No one would have believed me if I told them that she was only but a fine mist upon my skin. Dali was an erotic zephyr, with an ominous ancient fragrance. Bizarre scents which I became familiar with from reading, from researching, and from first hand experience. Creatures of myth and folklore were my preferred genre when reading as a child. Creatures (if ever was) I thought to be extinct, not extant. Frightened by my speculations, I dismissed the thoughts that Dali was indeed a vampire.

Upon arrival, her noctilucent haze glimmered like Sirius. She approached me, and I could feel her damp cheek brush ever so softly against mine, whilst whispering my name Sascha in my ear. She was sobbing as she told me to close my eyes. With the barest touch, she caressed me, nibbled my nape, my breasts, and slowly moved on to tease my ready lips. I was all hers, with arched back and eyes closed. Her tongue, wet and warm, left indelible trails of tender kisses inside my thighs. She gently lifted me closer. All I could see were Heaven's most brilliant stars, and hear Heaven's most harmonious symphony.

Under her spell, I did not care about anything else, and my pleasure resounded in orgasmic echoes. When I opened my eyes, she was gone, and only a linger of what smelled like decay remained. I was left feeling sad, violated, and oh so satisfied. I embraced myself, pretending my arms were hers.

Moments later, sharp pains inside my thighs abruptly replaced my ethereal reminiscing of her being there. Dribbling blood accompanied the stinging pain. I rushed to wash my inconceivable night away. My world shattered as I sat in a crimson bath. Vampires do indeed exist, and so did Dali.

Dali Diary Entry #3, February 25th, 1949-----Menacing Menagerie

Dear Diary,

Today is my birthday, and I could not wait till nightfall to see her. My heart felt as if it could burst into rose-scented potpourri just thinking of her. She was a forbidden gem, unearthed from the turbulence of my dreams. As days faded into nights, my sheaf of diaries overflowed with languid murmurs of my hunger to see her.

My disquieting love for her went beyond the realm of the universe, where reality breaks down and becomes distorted. I craved her vaporous caresses and slumbered in the quiescence of her nocuous lullabies. My soliloquies cried out to her, and I became obsessed with what Dali may have looked like.

My mind painted her as the pinnacle of beauty, like fragrant camphire. I thought perhaps Dali had silken sepia-colored skin adorned with ancient voile lace, and hair of shiny coal-black tendrils. I imagined her lips painted like red wine, complimenting caliginous eyes, reflecting melancholy moonlight. Her hauntingly sweet voice resonated an aria of eeriness that lingered in my mind all day.

All the while, silently seething in her mind was a menacing menagerie of malignant emotions. Her deathly darkness penetrated me, asphyxiated me, and swallowed me with each tumultuous tryst. I felt like her secret marionette hanging on obsequious laden strings. Each bone-chilling night, Dali invaded my privacy, and my body approved the invasion.

I was captured by her manipulation, mesmerized by her lecherous blood-sucking seduction, and enmeshed by her sempiternal life of death. Perilously caged by her mental shackles, my sanity began to dissolve like yesterday's butterscotch clouds. What haunted me was the question; why did she choose me?

Sascha Sterling